Café Memories

A Zatch Bell! Zine

Welcome!

Café Memories is a fanzine dedicated to the Zatch Bell!/Konjiki no Gash!! series that was lovingly made by the many passionate and talented fans of the series. This fanzine is inspired from the Gash Café bonus chapters that were first introduced in 2018 in the Full Version editions of the original series' manga and later again seen in its sequel. Gash Café is a space where characters can come together for tea and conversation. Through these interactions, readers get to explore entirely new sides to the characters they're already so familiar with, or just see what fun can happen when you put certain characters together! Here, you'll find exactly that and more with characters from the anime, manga, games, and even a few fan-created characters as well!

All of your support and love for this series is the reason why this fanzine was able to even be made into a reality. To those who had volunteered their hard work and talent for their contributions, to those who had been following along the production of this fanzine, and to everyone who is just as passionate about this series as we are, thank you.

We hope you enjoy your stay!

I am the thunder emperor

NOT SO SCARY

SO COOL!

Goth Café

café memories

THE LIGHTNING STRIKES 2024

Writer: Pinna

A Maiden's Remorse

This is Gash Café, a place where fellow demons can enjoy and tea and conversa-

“STOP!” Patty exclaimed, as she hurriedly pushed forward the tall man walking in front of her. “I told you we were going to be late, Uluru! The narration started and we’re not even inside yet!”

Uluru possibly rolled his eyes—it was hard to tell, given his lack of pupils— as he reached behind him and pushed back against Patty’s face with his hand. “Patty, relax. We’re only a few minutes late.” Uluru said, as the two walked up the wooden steps to the café’s entrance. “Besides,” he said, opening the door for the both of them, “I don’t even think there is a ‘late’ since time seems to work differently here.”

He held the door open, and Patty harrumphed her way in after him with crossed arms before placing her hands on her hips and turning back to face him. “Are you forgetting why we’re here in the first place?”

Uluru sighed and looked up at the ceiling as he answered Patty with the same words she had previously told him, “To apologize to Leila for what happened.”

Upon realizing Uluru mirrored her answer, Patty crossed her arms again. “Well, I am!” Uluru took off his coat and placed it on the empty countertop beside him and knelt down to Patty’s eye level. “Look, Patty, I understand this apology meal is important to you, okay? It’s gonna be fine. I mean, look around,” Uluru gestured to the empty chairs and tables surrounding them, “Leila and Albert aren’t here yet, either.”

Patty sheepishly looked away, “That’s true...”

“There you two are.” Leila said.

Patty screamed and turned around to see Leila by the cafe’s back entrance, slurping the last sips of her drink from its straw. Patty turned back to glare at Uluru, “You were saying?”

Uluru hung his head down.

“Al, they’re here!” Leila called out.

Albert poked his head through the kitchen door behind the cafe’s counter to greet everyone. “Great! Uluru, can you come help me with the food? There’s kind of a lot.”

“Right,” Uluru said. He looked at Patty, “I’ll get started on your order. You go and join Leila outside, okay?” Patty stomped away as Uluru stood up to join Albert in the kitchen. “Let me guess,” Uluru said, “A bunch of cake rolls?”

Patty, red in the face from having heard this, turned around and yelled, “I’m going to share them!!”

Uluru laughed as he disappeared in the kitchen with Albert. Patty softened her stomping once she got closer to Leila, and Leila continued slurping her drink as Patty followed her to the table where she’d been sitting. The two girls took their seats across from each other at a table protected by a canopy of shade from its umbrella and the trees above.

Patty fiddled with her hands as she looked every other direction besides in front of her, and Leila continued to slurp her drink, staring directly at Patty. “So,” Patty started, before letting out nervous laughter and scratching her head, “Did, did you already order? Or...” She finished, looking at the empty cup in Leila’s hands.

Leila looked at her drink, “No. Albert made too much juice, so he gave me what was left over.” Patty was quiet. “Don’t worry,” Leila added, “we only got here a few minutes before you did.”

“Oh! I’m glad we didn’t keep you waiting,” Patty said.

“Mhm.” Leila agreed.

“So... those clouds in the sky sure are... up there, today, huh?” Patty asked.

This painful small talk continued until Albert and Uluru eventually came out to the patio with everyone's orders.

"Okay, Patty! Here's your pile of cake rolls-"

"They're for both of us!" She interrupted.

"Your peach smoothie, and your strawberry wafer cookies." Albert said as he set down each of Patty's dishes.

"And Leila," Uluru said, "Here's your angel food cake, mango milkshake, and yogurt covered pretzels."

"Thanks, Uluru. What's that?" Leila asked, pointing to a champagne glass still on the food tray."Oh, that's a mimosa for me. I didn't want to make two trips."

"How come you didn't make me one?" Albert chimed in.

Uluru turned to Albert, "Because I don't know how old you are."

Albert sighed, "That's fair..."

Patty started taking a sip of her smoothie.

"So, how did it go? Did you two make up already?" Uluru asked Leila and Patty, who was now spurting out said smoothie in shock.

"Uluru!" Patty yelled.

"We'll be going now." Albert said. "Let us know if you need anything!" He nudged Uluru away and led him to a nearby table for them to sit down.

"What was he talking about? 'Make up'?" Leila asked.

Patty started up again with nervous laughter, "Oh, hahaha he probably meant like Moon Prism Power, Make-up! You know? Hahaha."

Leila looked away as she took a bite of her angel food cake. "Right..." She said.

Patty hung her head low as she sighed. She couldn't figure out why this was so hard for her. She thought back to that day in the human world, at the ancient ruins.

She saw the scene so clearly. Gash, her beloved, standing in front of her, righteous fury blazing in his eyes. And behind him was Leila, scared, shaking, and holding herself under the light of the moonstone. Gash's words echoed through her memory: "Don't you understand what you'redoing by now!?"

Patty couldn't believe she had been so cruel to Leila, all because of the misunderstanding that Gash had forgotten Patty, when in actuality, he'd had his memories stolen from him, which, at the time, she hadn't known. But none of that excused what Patty had put Leila through, knowing full well that what Zophis had been doing was wrong.

Sure, she'd had later come around and helped everyone in the fight against Demolt, but...Patty wasn't sure if Leila knew she was sorry. All this time later, and Patty hadn't managed to muster up the courage to do so. But, Patty felt like she was so different now. I mean, she had a bob and everything.

Patty took a deep breath. "I'm sorry."

Leila looked at Patty. "What?"

"You heard me!" Patty exclaimed, before remembering to dial it back a bit. "I, I said I'm sorry. I never had the chance to talk about what happened between us... during the battle." She said.

"Patty, you don't have to-" Leila started to say.

"No, I do! I do have to! You were scared. You were in that giant rock for a thousand years, and when Zophis brought you all back, I was just so focused on getting back at Gash for breaking my heart because I thought he had forgotten me and we're destined to be together and- Well, you had nothing to do with any of that, and I knew that what Zophis was doing was wrong, but I went along with it anyways because I was only thinking about myself and not any of the pain I was helping put all of you through and I just, I'm really sorry. I know the words don't make up for what I did, but I just needed you to hear them." At some point during this, Patty had closed her eyes to get the rest of the words out. She slowly opened one of them, bracing herself for Leila's reaction.

Leila gave Patty a small smile. “I appreciate your apology, Patty. I’m not upset with you or anything like that. The battle had a lot of hard feelings for everyone, but it’s thanks to you that we were able to stop Demolt in the first place. You’re right, it doesn’t change what happened before that, but your sacrifice showed me that you weren’t necessarily who I thought you were, or you’re trying not to be what you used to be, and I believe that deserves a second chance.”

Patty didn’t know what to say, but then realized she’d been smiling as well. “I was afraid you wouldn’t want to hear what I had to say, or something.” She said.

“Patty, I showed up today, didn’t I?” Leila asked.

Patty was dumbfounded, this fact hadn’t occurred to her. “Oh! I guess that’s true, hahaha. Whoops!”

Leila giggled as the two continued to enjoy their meals together. Uluru and Albert looked over at their table, both smiling at how proud they were of their partners.

It seems that even serious conversations can happen at Gash Café.
I wonder, who will our-

“WAIT!” Patty exclaimed, shocking Leila. “The narration was starting before I could even offer
you some of my- I mean, our cake rolls!”

Can I finish, please?
“Yeah, go ahead.” Patty dismissed with her mouth full of cake.

It seems that even narration interruptions can happen at Gash Café.

“Hey!”

I wonder, who will our guests be next time?

The End

Seasonal Section

Pastry Section

Sweet Section

Bakery Section

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How Far They've Come

On a cool summer evening roughly 10 years after the battle involving Clear Note ended and Zatch became King, he and Kanchomé meet on the patio of their favorite café to catch up. Zatch had been taking his dream of being a Kind King seriously and had been making several changes to help make life better for those he ruled over, and Kanchomé has been helping others where he could to emulate Zatch's example while Zatch himself was taking care of things on a bigger scale.

Knowing their usual orders, Kiyo brings Zatch vegetable soup, a cup of Jasmine tea, and pastry in the shape of a yellowtail, while Folgore brings Kanchomé a ham sandwich, bubble tea, and a slice of chocolate cake. After they receive their items, they thank their bookkeepers and turn their attention to each other to catch up after so much time apart.

"So," began Kanchomé, "how have things been lately? Has being King been what you were expecting?"

Zatch took a moment to ponder how best to answer Kanchomé's question. "Well, there's a bit more paperwork than I was expecting toward the beginning, but Arth has been helping me understand the smaller details I wasn't initially too sure about. He's even been helping me with some ideas to implement."

"What kind of ideas?" inquired Kanchomé curiously, taking a sip of his tea.

Understanding how vague he had been, Zatch smiled and told him, "The ideas are about the next battle. There are a few changes I'd like to make to help improve the experience of those who participate."

Curiosity further peaked, Kanchomé asked, "What type of changes?"

Zatch took a sip of his tea and replied, "Well, do you remember Kolulu?"

Kanchomé took a bite of his sandwich to give himself some time to remember who Kolulu was before replying. "Yes. She was the one who didn't care for fighting."

Zatch nodded. "One think she helped me realize is just how much of a toll this battle can be on those who don't like fighting. I plan to make it so only those who genuinely want to fight will be able to enter. I'd rather not force others to participate in the Battle if they don't want to."

Kanchomé took another bite of his sandwich. "That's good to hear. It would be nice for those like that to not have to worry."

"I agree," said Zatch, starting on his soup. "If someone doesn't want to fight, we shouldn't force them."

As Kanchomé was about to start eating his cake, another thought struck him. "Z-Zatch?" he asked nervously.

"Yes Kanchomé?"

"Wh-what's going to happen i-if someone like C-Clear Note appears?"

Zatch took a bite of his pastry, a thoughtful expression on his face. "Well Kanchomé, we can't exactly prevent someone from slipping by, but..."

Hearing that, Kanchomé began to become concerned. "What do you mean? We have to make sure those who want to destroy our world won't resurface."

Zatch, understanding his concern, said, "While we'll do everything we can to prevent another Clear Note situation from happening, there will unfortunately be cases where even those in charge won't be able to spot everything."

While Kanchomé understood where Zatch was coming from, he was still wary. "But what if something happens to you and we're not able to rely on your power?"

Zatch let out a sigh. "There are certain...abilities I now have access to as King that will help with that. I can't exactly talk about them due to their nature, but rest assured there are plans in place should I appear to not be around."

Kanchomé, looking anxious, said, “I know you’ll always be here for us, but we still worry about you.”

“I know,” said Zatch solemnly. “I appreciate all the concern everyone has shown me. It’s for that reason I put so much effort into being a Kind King. I want to make sure everyone’s faith and concerns aren’t misplaced.”

“I can understand that,” said Kanchomé, starting to relax, and eating a bit more of his cake, “but we still want to make sure you’re safe so that we can be by your side when you help others.”

Zatch finished his soup and yellowtail pastry, and looking at Kanchomé, said, “I appreciate everything that those around me do to show their support. Giving it my all as a Kind King is the best way I can repay all the kindness everyone has shown me. It’s just a bit hard at times.”

“What is?” inquired Kanchomé.

“Being King. While I managed to make it here thanks to the help of all the friends I made along the way, my responsibilities keep me away from everyone more than I want.”

Kanchomé sat up straighter and said, “Zatch, you know you can count on us. We’re here for you through thick and thin. We’ve been through so much together; our friendship is strong enough to survive anything.”

“Thanks,” replied Zatch with a reassured smile. “I wouldn’t be where I am without friends I could rely on.”

Smiling, Kanchomé says, “I feel the same way. Without my friends, I wouldn’t have made it to where I am now. I owe so much to you and the others. If it hadn’t been for you, I wouldn’t have had the strength to fight for others like I do now.”

Zatch nodded his agreement. “If it hadn’t been for Kiyo, I wouldn’t have mastered Baou to use it to help try making our world a better place. I plan on doing what I can to make sure Baou is used to keep others safe and allow our world to thrive.”

“I’ll be doing the same with mine,” replied Kanchomé wholeheartedly. “Our world needs those who will defend those who can’t easily protect themselves. Let’s go out there and do the best we can to support the growth and protection of everyone around us.”

Both finished their meals and said their goodbyes for now, parting ways to help make their world better day by day.

Thank you SO much for understanding, good sirs.

The cafe is simply too busy to accommodate separate seatings, we hope you enjoy your meal!

I don't see why it's so packed, there's no appeal to this place.

Sodas, anyone?

I see the appeal... of the beautiful women who work here.

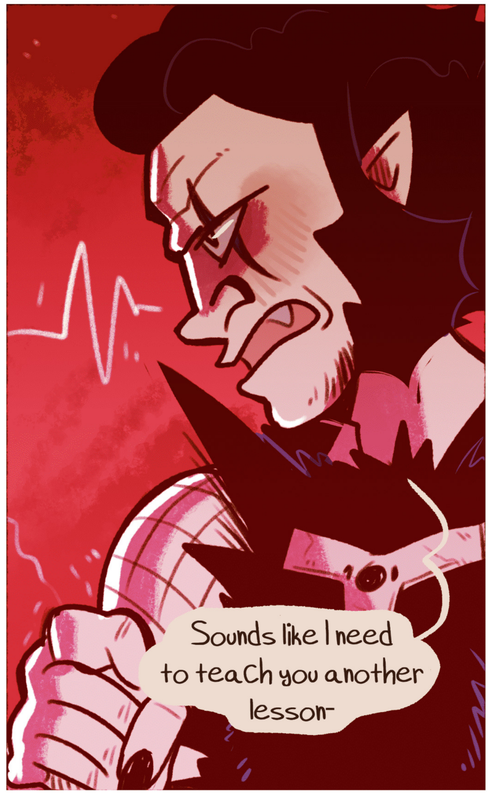
Wonrei... you're embarrassing me...

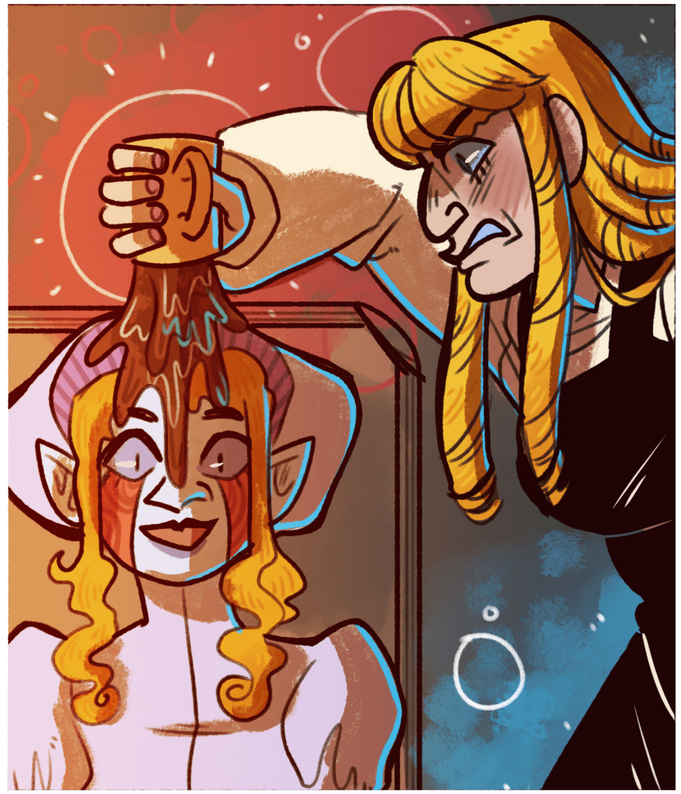
Why did you say that. What are you saying.

Aha! We have that in Common.

That voice...

I also come here for the beautiful women.


Sounds like I need to teach you another lesson-



Hot...

Ah HA. if this is the kind of entertainment here. I can see the appeal.

Gash Cafe

TURN STOVE OFF
SUZUME
SPECIALS
•ANYTHING SHE DOESN'T BURN
•PLUM ONIGIRI
DAYS W/O INCIDENT
11
BANG BANG

46

MUGENCOLORIS

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Sweet

“This place’s service sucks.”

“Brago, maybe we wouldn’t have to wait so long if you ordered normal food for once.”

“I eat what I like.”

Today’s guests in the Gash Café are Wonrei, Brago, and Vincent Bari.

“This is why you’re only allowed in on days Sherry is working,” Wonrei quipped, flicking a rolled up bit of paper from his straw at the other boy’s forehead.

Brago sunk back into his throne, folding his arms and pouting. “I’m allowed to come on other days, I just choose not to,” he said.

“Sure,” Bari said, rolling his eyes, “you just prefer not to make life harder for everyone around you, so you only visit once a week. Because you’re so nice.”

“Exactly.”
Wonrei snorted into his hand. “Meals with you two are always so entertaining.”

“Are you making fun of us,” the other two shouted at him.

“Shut up!”
All three demons tensed at the shout, sitting up straighter in their seats and folding their hands in their laps.

“Geez, you’re so annoying,” Sherry said, carrying a tray loaded with food on one hand while walking towards the table the demons sat at. “You’ll scare off other customers with your arguing.”

Bari made an exaggerated show of looking around the café. “What other customers? We’re the only people in here.”

Sherry placed the tray on a neighboring table and turned around, a disgusted look on her face. “There aren’t any other customers because you and Brago are here scaring people off! Anyways, here’s your food. Truffle risotto with sea scallops for Bari, moon cakes for Wonrei, and orca bacon with German vollkornbrot,” she paused, squinting, and then sighed in disgust, before continuing, “spread with orca fat for Brago.”

“Finally, I’m starving,” Brago said, immediately digging into his food.

The rest of the group looked at Brago’s plates, one filled with a pile of suspicious looking bacon and the other filled with dry looking, gray-brown bread crusted with seeds and grains and spread with white fat, and shuddered.

Bari looked at the tray, sitting on the other table, empty. “Um, didn’t we have drinks?”

“No. Dehydrate and choke.”

“Sorry! I have them,” Lien called, rushing from the kitchen carrying a tray of drinks. “Gustav and I had to really look for this Riesling and preparing the orca stuff took a while.”

“Just in time,” Wonrei smiled, patting Brago’s back as the younger demon choked on the essentially dry bread he had scarfed down.

“A pot of boiling water, a bottle of Riesling, and a second pot of jasmine tea.” Lien placed the drinks on the center of the table, away from the food, but still in reach of Wonrei and Bari.

“I can’t reach that from here,” Brago choked out, still struggling with the results of eating a whole piece of basically dry bread.

Wonrei poured water into a mug for him and pushed both it and the pot closer to the edge of the table on his side. As he handed the mug to the boy, Brago quickly snatched it from him and gulped down the water.

“You really need to learn some manners,” Sherry said, picking up her tray and marching back to the kitchen.

“Enjoy your meal,” Lien said cheerfully, following her.

“She’s so pretty,” Wonrei mused.

Brago glanced at him from the side of his eyes. “That’s why you keep losing important fights against other demons. You’re completely distracted from the battle.” He poured himself more water.

“What do you mean,” Wonrei asked, taking a sip from his tea.

“You get distracted by your partner, or friends, or life in the human world and it makes you weak.”

“How rude. I think it makes me stronger.”

Brago snorted. “No way. You’d be such a weak king.”

“I’d be a better king than you.”

“No you wouldn’t!”

Bari cut off a piece of scallop and carefully ate it. After he finished chewing, he took a drink of his wine. Setting his glass down he said, “you’d both probably make terrible kings. Wonrei’s too soft and Brago’s too harsh. Neither of you could handle the responsibility of kingship.”

Wonrei ate a moon cake. “And what makes you think you’d be any better, Bari? You’re almost as difficult a person as Brago is.”

“Take that back,” Bari demanded. “At least I order easily sourced food.”

“Yeah, but it definitely costs this place way more to get than anything else they make for us. Except whatever that’s supposed to be,” Wonrei said, pointing his fork at Brago's plate.

“It’s literally bread and bacon!”

“It’s whale Brago. And what looks like slices of a cardboard box.”

“Why are you guys so mean about my food,” Brago muttered.

Bari and Wonrei looked at him with intense concern on their faces. “Because it looks inedible.”

“This is why I’ll be king and you two won’t. Under my reign all food will be tolerated.”

“You won’t be king. I told you already, you don’t have the right mindset,” Bari said. “You put too much emphasis on being strong and self sufficient and you,” he continued, pointing at Wonrei, “can’t bring yourself to actually confront your problems.”

“I don’t see how that’s a problem.”

Bari rolled his eyes, “Of course you don’t. That’s the issue Brago.”

The three demons stared at each other for a short time.

“You know Bari,” Wonrei said.

“Don’t start.”

Brago glared at him. “Just because you have a deep voice and use big words doesn’t mean you’re right about everything.”

“Thank you Brago.”

Bari rolled his eyes and slouched back into his seat.

“As I was saying before being rudely interrupted,” Wonrei continued, “you also wouldn’t make a good king Bari. For one, you’re a know it all-"

“A king should be wise!”

“You’re smart and observant, not wise. There’s a difference.”

“You’re also annoying,” Brago muttered.

“And like Brago, you lack charisma and general people skills,” Wonrei finished. He took a sip of his tea. “Like Sherry said before, just the two of you being here is enough to keep customers away."

Brago frowned at him. “Customers stay away cause this place kind of sucks. Also who wants to eat at a restaurant shaped like a kid's head. It’s creepy.”

“I thought you liked creepy.”

“Different type of creepy.”

Bari rolled a scallop around his plate. “Are you two done insulting me now?”

“Not really.”

“It’s valid critique,” Wonrei said, “not insult.”

“Hm.”

“You’re as thin-skinned as ever,” Brago said, taking another bite of bread.

“All three of you are thin-skinned if you ask me,” Sherry cut in. “Now did you want dessert, or are you finally leaving?”

“Why do you want us gone so badly,” Brago asked.

“I enjoy when this place makes money. Also you’ve been here for four hours.”

Bari glared at her. “Is it illegal to have a nice meal and conversation now?”

“For you? Yes.”

“Stop bullying them Miss,” Gustav called from the kitchen. “You know they’re sensitive.”

“We're not sensitive,” Brago and Bari shouted.

Smiling, Wonrei took a sip of his tea. “Like she said, thin-skinned.”

“She was talking about you too you know,” Bari told him.

Wonrei just shrugged in response.

“Look do you want dessert or not?”

“Yes, okay give us a second to think about it,” Bari said.

“I would like Black Forest cake.”

“Brago,” Wonrei said, gently placing his hand on the other boy's shoulder, “you hate cherries.”

“Maybe I’ll like them this time. I can tough it out.”

“Brago you do this every time we get food, please stop trying this,” Bari said, flipping through the Café’s extensive dessert menu.

“A king needs to be strong, therefore I must consume the cherries.”

“Why is your definition of strength self torment,” Wonrei asked. “This is such deeply flawed logic in my opinion.”

“It’s not just flawed, it’s objectively insane,” Sherry said, stacking their empty plates onto a tray. “Give Lien your order, I’m going on break.”

The three demons watched her walk away, expertly navigating the tables while carrying the heavy stack of dishes.

“She’s right you know.”

“I mean if she’s going on break of course-"

Bari rolled his eyes. “About the strength thing Brago. Not about our orders.”

“I have my reasons,” Brago growled. “No need to treat me like an idiot. Or to boss me around.”

Wonrei tilted his head slightly and traced the rim of his tea cup. “You’re trying to avoid the topic,” he said, frowning. “It’s just odd. You view strength as a result of self punishment.”

“No. Being strong means being able to take and overcome anything. I am strong, so I have to overcome my weaknesses.”

“What are you, an ascetic monk?”

Brago threw a crumpled napkin at Bari's face, only to be disappointed when the older boy caught it.

“What I think Bari means,” Wonrei cut in, “is that you’re punishing yourself as a form of validation, but wouldn’t it be better if you just let yourself be happy?”

“I’m perfectly happy as I am.”

“Could’ve fooled me,” Bari muttered under his breath. “Ow,” he flailed a bit, losing his balance in his chair as Wonrei punched him in the shoulder.

“Be more helpful Vincent,” Wonrei's smile gleamed with a slightly dangerous feeling.

“I’m going to order dessert,” Bari stood and rushed to the counter where Lien was standing.

“Coward,” Brago said, digging his fork into the table.

“Stop that, you’ll make Sherry mad again,” Wonrei said, taking the fork and handing Brago a napkin to play with. “You know, it’s okay if you let yourself be weak and vulnerable at times. You’re not alone, and we all want you to be happy too. As king, I’ll protect your happiness.”

Brago turned his head away, blushing slightly. “You won’t be king with that kind of attitude. But, thank you. Wonrei.”

“Okay, I got cake.”

Wonrei frowned. “Bari this is one slice of chocolate cake and two forks.”

“Not gonna lie, but this meal was kind of expensive. Also you just ate cake. I got this for me and Brago.”

“They were salted egg moon cakes! I wanted dessert too!”

“I still have my fork, I didn’t use it earlier.”

Bari grinned, “See? Now we can all be happy.”

Brago took a bite of the cake. It was pleasantly sweet.

THIS IS THE ZATCH CAFE.

HERE. PLEASE ENJOY YOUR MEAL.

TCH! EAT UP.

THE SOCIAL MEETING PLACE WHERE DEMONS CAN ENJOY TEA AND ENGAGE IN LIVELY CONVERSATION.

THANK YOU.

BAM

...THANKS.

REYCOM'S ORDER.

•EXTRA CHILLED SASHIMI

•BLUEBERRY ICE CREAM CAKE

•CHERRY COLA FLOAT

TODAY'S GUEST ARE REYCOM

FANGO'S ORDER.

•SPICY MANGO ICE CREAM

•SPICED WATERMELON JUICE

•SUPER EXTRA SPICY NAPOLITON

AND FANGO.

DANNY & TED

Watermelon

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One Order of Communication To Go!

When Kafk Sunbeam threw on his server's apron, he wasn't exactly prepared to see who was on his shift.

Gash Cafe was known for fulfilling any and all Mamodo needs, wants, or requests, no matter how ridiculous the demand, which Sunbeam had learned from his time on staff. Being prepared for anything was part of the job, and each day at the Cafe was sort of comparable to a battle between Mamodo's. It could be wildly unpredictable, in the worst and the best ways.

Having finished his other job earlier this morning, Kiyo had called in on his lunch break and asked Sunbeam for a favor, which was how Sunbeam ended up at the Cafe in Kiyo's place. Despite being somewhat of a workaholic, and open to any late night shenanigans, Sunbeam would be lying if he wasn't already tired out by today's endeavors. But, being a good sport, he took on the additional shift rather than complaining. Of course when he told Ponygon that he was heading over to the Cafe, the small pony child had shrilled in glee, clapping his front hooves together as the thought of indulging in one of the Cafe's specialty desserts.

Not wanting to ruin Ponygon's mood, Sunbeam had taken his partner to work and set Ponygon up in his usual spot at one of the highest tables that overlooked the rest of the floor, as well as was in view of multiple televisions and the window. Ponygon was thrilled to have so much to see, especially since his typical view was Kiyo's front lawn or the inside of Sunbeam's living room.

"Alright buddy, I know you love carrot cake but you can't overdo it! We still have to have dinner, and this is only for a few hours." Sunbeam gives Ponygon a nod that he's sure will show his good intentions, knowing that if Ponygon indulged too much now, he would only have an upset stomach later.

"Mado, Mado, Meh!" Ponygon bangs a hand onto the table, huffing as he points towards a drink menu.

Sighing, Sunbeam nods and makes his way to the kitchen, "Hey Li-en," he calls out, spotting the woman in the kitchen making a matcha latte.

Li-en, with her tact and good nature, was a joy to have on any shift. She never complained, rarely made mistakes, and was quick to make any drink or meal asked of her. Sunbeam was thrilled to leave her in the kitchen and deal with their Mamodo guests if it meant that she would keep smiling.

"Mr. Sunbeam, what a surprise to see you here tonight! Did Kiyo skip out on us again?" She asks with a raised brow, finally completing her drink and leaning back to admire it.

"Now don't say that," Sunbeam rubs his neck, "Kiyo asked me for a favor, and I wasn't exactly busy. Plus, Ponygon was excited to come."

Li-en hums and rings a bell, and in a moment another blond haired man appears, smiling as he grabs the glass. Apollo, with his charm and grace, pushes his locks out from his view and beams at the two.

"Mr. Sunbeam is covering Kiyo." Li-en tells him as she starts on Ponygon's drink, knowing his order already by heart, "remind me to text him later and let him know that he made my night a little better by getting a great replacement."

Apollo chuckles as he grins at Sunbeam, "nice to see you Kafk, I feel like we usually aren't on a shift together! I won't waste this opportunity to enjoy your company."

Sunbeam pats the man on the shoulder, "Seems like the Cafe gods are trying to keep us apart. Are you starting your shift now too?"

Apollo nods and grabs a napkin to go with the matcha latte, "Going to be us three all evening, although I'm not complaining! Hey, Li-en, is this drink for Wonrei? The heart on the top is a cute touch."

Li-en blushes and waves a hand, "I was feeling inspired, but yes, it's for him."

Sunbeam can't help but watch as Apollo delivers the drink to the stoic man who had willingly taken a seat beside Ponygon at the high top table, despite the small pony Mamodo chattering away to no one in particular. Sunbeam could respect Wonrei's polite demeanor, and was often impressed by how cool and collected he appareard. Sunbeam had been lucky enough to have been invited to Wonrei and Li-en's wedding this summer, along with their other friends, and had enjoyed the day immensely.

Wonrei bows his head slightly at Apollo and takes the drink, staring softly at the design in the foam. Sunbeam had to assume he liked it, not that the man said much. Ponygon was energetically waving his hands in front of Wonrei, who spared the pony a glance, before taking a sip.

"Cau!" A small voice squeaks out, and Sunbeam glances down at his feet to see Ropes tugging at his pant leg. Ropes, Apollo's ladybug Mamodo, was usually upbeat and attached to Apollo's side.

"How's it going Ropes," Sunbeam asks, not sure exactly what Ropes was saying to him, "Do you want…to sit down and order a drink?"

"Cau, cau! Cau!" Ropes nods his head, and Sunbeam leads him to the table where Ponygon and Wonrei were sitting.

Li-en appears with a tall milkshake with fresh fruit and leaves it on the table in front of Ponygon, smiling at his thrilled neigh and bobbing head. "Enjoy your drink, Ponygon!"

Ropes leaps into the available seat and gives Ponygon and Wonrei a gleeful cau, the only phrase that Sunbeam had ever heard the Mamodo utter. Ponygon mado's in response, and Wonrei simply hums an answer, and quite frankly, it's the most bizarre exchange Sunbeam has ever seen.

Not to say that the three weren't capable of speech, but communication wasn't exactly this group of Mamodo's strong point. Ropes lifts up the menu and points to a black coffee, and Sunbeam resists the urge to ask if he's sure that's what he wants, since Ropes is the customer and all.

Heading back to the kitchen, Li-en and Apollo are working on making dessert platters, and Sunbeam clears his voice, just a little curious.

"What's up?" Apollo asks as he adds more ice cream to the sunday he's preparing.

"Oh nothing, I just had a funny question I wanted to ask you two." Sunbeam asks bashfully, gesturing towards the table where their partners are. "How well do you understand your Mamodo? I, for one, usually just get the vibe of what Ponygon is saying, but sometimes I lose track of which mado meh's he's on."

Apollo and Li-en share a look, before glancing back at the table. Miraculously, Ponygon, Ropes, and Wonrei are having a conversation, despite there being a severe language barrier.

It was pretty amazing to see.

Apollo bites his lip sheepishly, "Admittedly, I can only understand half of the cau's Ropes yells out, and the other half I find myself improvising. We usually communicate through text and characters, although he's not a great speller. I'm a little envious of those who have Mamodo partners who can speak our language fluently, but I wouldn't change Ropes for the world."

Li-en taps her fingers against the counter as she watches Wonrei, her cheeks turning a slight shade of red. "Well, usually we don't really need words to communicate. Our very souls are…connected. It's like he knows what I'm thinking and vice versa, and sure, he can talk when he wants to, but this is the Wonrei I know and love. He's always been the strong silent type."

As if he knew Li-en was talking about him, Wonrei lifts his eyes to meet hers, and he smiles sweetly in her direction.

"Mado, Meu, Mado!"

"Cau! Cau? Cau, cau!"

"Hmm, ah…hm."

Sunbeam looks between the three Mamodo's incredulously, and then at the nodding Apollo and Li-En.

Was this always how shifts with these two were? Sunbeam couldn't help but chuckle at the absurdity of it all. Grabbing the ice cream dessert for Wonrei, the carrot cake for Ponygon, and the black coffee for Ropes, he expertably stacked them onto his arm and balanced them perfectly with months of practice. In a way, people must think Sunbeam himself was crazy with how he was always talking to Ponygon and responding to questions that he was sure the pony Mamodoo was asking him.

However, as soon as he delivered the food to his three guests, it was pretty groovy to see the look of appreciation on their faces was universal.

“Enjoy your meal!” Sunbeam smiles dazzlingly, knowing that even without words, communication was loud and clear.

ナッシュ カフェ
NASH CAFÉ
SPECIAL EDITION

THE SKIES AND BEYOND

REISU

18%
22%
25%
NO TIP >:(
TIPS
LIGHT

Mewgatori

Writer: Zach
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Ideas for the Future

During a cool autumn afternoon in October, roughly 13 years after the events of the most recent 1000-year-Battle, Leila and Tyrone meet at a café to relax and enjoy each other's company. Their bookkeepers, Albert and Janine, bring them their usual orders. Leila was given a cup of hot cocoa with a full moon and star pattern on top, a bowl of tomato soup paired with grilled cheese, and a mooncake, and Tyrone was given a tankard of mead, a bowl of beef stew, and a slice of pumpkin pie. After they receive their food, they thanked their bookkeepers and start to catch up.

"It's been awhile since we've met," said Tyrone jovially. "How've you been lately?"

"Things have been alright," replied Leila casually, dipping her grilled cheese into her tomato soup and taking a bite. "I've just had a bit on my mind recently."

"Like what?" asked Tyrone curiously.

"Do you remember what I told you about what happened after being freed from stone?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've been thinking of using my experiences with that to try to help others who've been going through difficult times."

"That's a great idea!" replied Tyrone enthusiastically between mouthfuls of stew. "You've always had a knack for picking up on things people need help with."

"You think so?" asked Leila, taking a sip of her hot cocoa.

"Yeah," replied Tyrone. "I think it's great you want to be there for others like Zatch and his friend were there for you."

Leila smiled and took a bite of her mooncake. "I'm happy you think so. It really means a lot."

Tyrone drank some mead, and with a thoughtful expression, said, "Y'know Leila, I think I know who you may want to help first. The demons who've been stuck in stone if you haven't already."

Leila drank some of her hot cocoa to give herself time to think before responding, "That's a good idea. I've been through what they've been through, so I understand what their experience better than those who haven't."

"That's the spirit! I know you have it in you. If you need any help with things, just let me know."

"Thanks Tyrone. With as difficult as it was to go through being trapped in stone, knowing there was someone who helped me through it got me through the worst of it. I want to help be that type of light for others."

After they finished their food, they left with their bookkeepers to enjoy each other's company and to work on helping those around them in whatever way they could.

CA FE

★ GASH CAFE ★

ICE CREAM

GABRIEL GRIM

READING ORDER: RIGHT TO LEFT

THIS IS GASH CAFE.

A SOCIAL MEETING PLACE WHERE DEMONS CAN ENJOY DRINKS AND ENGAGE IN LIVELY CONVERSATION.

GASH CAFE

EH?!! IM NOT ONLY COOLER BUT STRONGER THAN YOU!

TODAY WE'RE WITH TED

AND DANNY BOY

O YEAH? LETS SEE THEN

SURE, SURE...

DANNY'S ORDER

- MINT WATER
- THREE TAIYAKI (FISH SHAPED PANCAKE FILLED WITH RED BEAN PASTE)

TED'S ORDER

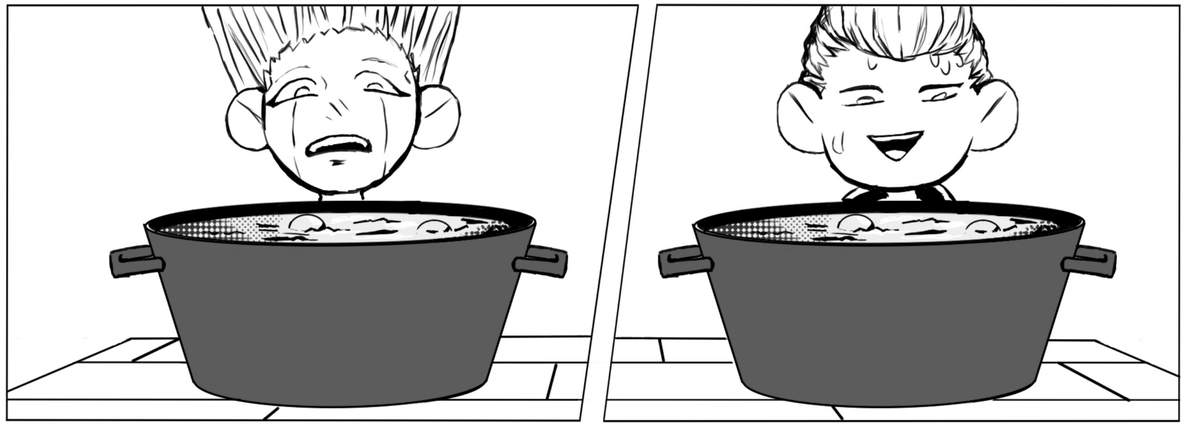
- COLA
- HANA'S TAMAGOYAKI (ROOLED OMELETE)
- EGG PUDIM

I AM COOLER THOUGHT!!

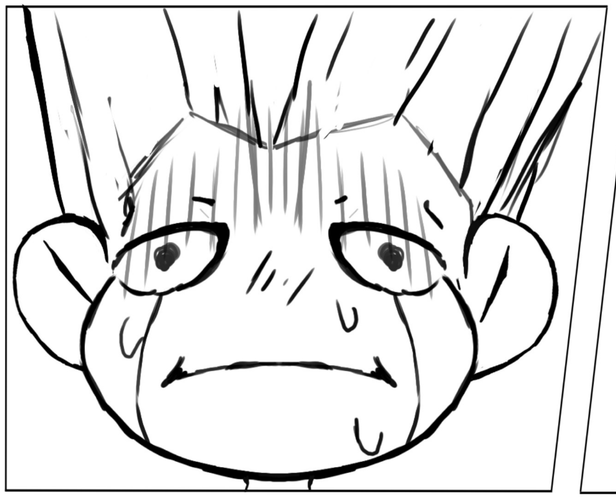
I LIKED YOUR STYLE

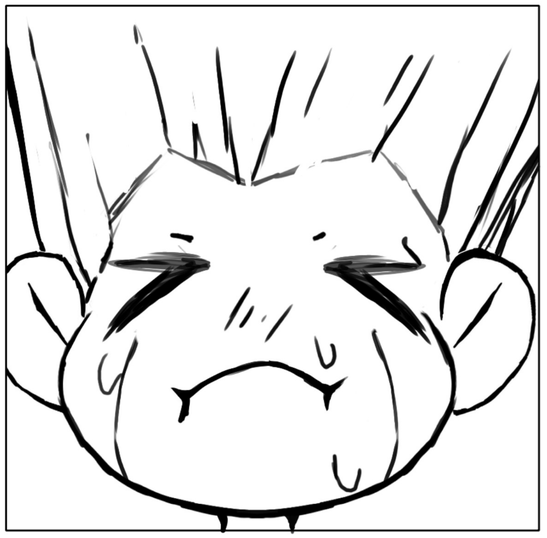
DONT FIGHT!! THE GREAT VOLCA 300 WILL SOLVE THIS!

"LETS SEE" HUH? DO YOU THINK YOU'RE IN A FIGHT CLUB?



BOTH OF THEM ARE GONNA EAT THE SPECIAL CURRY MADE BY KIYOMARO, THE ONE WHO GETSN TO EAT THE MOST FIRT WINS





NOT AGAIN...

SEENS LIKE A DRAW...
NONE OF THEM WON THE COMPETITION, BUT THEY DID FOUND EACH OTHER GOOD RIVALS FOR SURE

Enjoy friendly conversation!
Come to Gash Cafe

Gash Cafe

CAFÉ
GACHA
FÉ

THEY ARE NOT ???

I DON'T SEE THEM EATING?..

I KNEW IT!

Gasta Café

Weekly Specials:

- Creamy Pumpkin Risotto

Gash Café

Café memories

THE LIGHTNING STRIKE 2024

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Dirt, Debris, and Cheese

Whenever he really sat down to think about it (and thinking was his strong suit, or so he'd been told), working at Gash Café wasn't that bad of a part time gig, Kiyomaro considered.

Firstly, the wage was so-so, but it got the job done. He'd meant it from the very depths of his heart when he had said that he was willing to fight alongside Gash to the bitter end, but it was only a few days into living with Gash that he realized that these little demons sure can eat and then some. And it never stopped! He always has and always will be dead set on crowning Gash the king so that they can stop the Battle, that has been their intention this entire time, but would it have killed whatever-higher-being-willed-this-battle-royale-into-motion to shove some financial support in those spell books when these little bottomless pits got sent to Earth to duke it out in the first place? In the meanwhile, the money had to come from somewhere.

(Morally, calling up Apollo to charter the team halfway around the world was something that couldn't be helped. Feeding Gash? He wouldn't dare put that burden on anyone else.)

Secondly, the place was in some obscure, remote area. He could never quite fully rest because the odds were never at zero, but it did reduce the chance that he'd have some new animated character barge into their life and start demanding that he should hand his book over to be burned. He was fine with skipping class if a demon battle necessitated it, but getting off being on the clock was a lot more awkward.

And finally, the job itself wasn't all that demanding. When he applied, the application seemed like it would be like applying for any other similar job. The only thing that stood out was a bolded line that said "must be able to appropriately deal with eccentric characters." If there was one thing Kiyomaro was sure of about himself, it was that in his lifetime, as well as his next several lifetimes, he's gotten more than enough of his fill of being acquainted with the world's most colorful and eccentric characters. Wouldn't this just be a fine addition to his resumé?

Gash would sometimes accompany him on his shifts, like today. Sometimes, his mother had her hands full and he wanted to help her when he could. When he had to watch him like this, Gash could be surprisingly well-behaved. There was a television set in the corner of the dining area that was set to airing Kamikiri Joe reruns as part of a cross-promotional event. Unsurprisingly, Gash's eyes were glued in adoration.

All and all, the café was pretty quiet. (That is, Gash's cheering whenever Joe got the bad guys aside.) Not much longer, and he could go clock out and they could both go home. As long as nothing happened out of nowhere or no one—

"KI-YO-MA-RO-CHAN~~~!"

Oh no.

Kiyomaro would recognize that voice anywhere.

The demon world's self-proclaimed number one gifted scientist helped himself, sauntering in an exaggerated manner moving his hips from side to side. It was none other than Dr. M2, a name Kiyomaro would quite frankly wish he could forget. Of course, instead of taking one of the many other empty tables currently available, he decided to take a seat at the same table Gash was at.

"Welcome to Gash Café, where we always serve with a smile, unu!" It was the most his voice had ever felt strangled since the corporate mandate that every server use that greeting. Handing over the menu, he forced a polite, "What can I get for you?"

Accepting it, he sneered, "Kiyomaro. It's been some time, hasn't it?"

Kiyomaro could already feel a blood vessel breaking.

He chose to not answer that question.

Dr. M2 spared no time at making himself at home; he reclined back in a chair that was absolutely not meant to be reclined on and kicked his feet up on the table. Whether it was out of ignorance or malice that that was the surface he was about to eat off of, he didn't want to know.

While the *esteemed* guest was busy perusing the available dishes, Gash chipped in his order. It was the usual, the same fancy yellowtail dish he always likes. No surprise there. Kiyomaro didn't even bother writing it down.

Tapping his pen against his notepad, he then directed his attention back towards Dr. M2.

"Aren't you forgetting someone? That's rather cold of you, given that you created them."

What?

Unbelievably, Gash joined in tag teaming against him in a familiar whine. "Kiyomaro, how could you be so cruel?"

It didn't take long to deduce that they were referring to the latest generation Vulcan 300, who was propped up to sit on the table. Fine. It wasn't worth fighting. "... And what would Vulcan like?"

After Vulcan failed to order for themself, Gash took the initiative. "They said they want orange juice and Pocky!"

Kiyomaro was used to processing far more than the average human does on the daily, but something in his inner matrix broke, like someone had tried to divide by zero. Was this, *technically*, like, cannibalism? Having Gash in his life was Pandora's box in and of itself, but that didn't mean he had to open the box *all* the way. Some things in this vast, vast universe were better left unanswered.

He wrote down Vulcan's order.

Then Dr. M2 exclaimed, "I got it! I'll have one of everything."

Gash Café's kitchen worked on some kind of bottomless demon world magic. No matter how long Kiyomaro worked here, he didn't get it, but he learned to not question it.

Shortly later, he brought out Gash and Vulcan's orders which they happily accepted. (At least, Gash did. The verdict was out on Vulcan.)

Then the first complaint came in. "Kiyomaro-chan, this tomato soup is too hot!"

"Then just wait for it to cool down!!"

"Kiyomaro, Kiyomaro, Vulcan can't reach their orange juice!"

Without flinching or batting an eye, Kiyomaro grasped the bendy straw, bent it, and jammed it into Vulcan's mouth.

"Unu, thank you Kiyomaro!"

There was no 'you're welcome.'

"Kiyomaro-chan, this salad needs cheese!"

Grabbing the handle, Kiyomaro ordered, "Just say when."

Mounds and mounds of cheese began to form mountains over the salad. Dr. M2's shit-eating face looked as if he had no intention of ever saying 'when.'

Kiyomaro's grip on the crank tightened. Two could play at that game.

"Kiyomaro, Vulcan can't reach their Pocky either!"

Speeding over to the table with the swiftness of the river, Kiyomaro threw the Pocky into Vulcan's mouth in the same manner an Olympic athlete would throw a javelin, and left without saying a word.

Back in the kitchen, seeing plate upon plate, Kiyomaro had the absolute daunting realization of just how much one of *everything* truly is.

"Kiyomaro-chan, if you've ever heard of *good customer service*—"

"Kiyomaro, Vulcan needs your help with—"

“KIYOMARO-CHAAAAAN!”

“KIYOOOMAROOOOOO!”

Kiyomaro was at his physical and mental limit. It was the same sensation when he had Baou Zakeruga built up, ready to burst at any second. He was used to dealing with Gash every single day, but dealing with Dr. M2 on top of that?

He could forgive the whole opening-a-space-time-continuum-portal-in-the-middle-of-downtown-Mochinoki incident. He could maybe even forgive how he forced him to miss out on that field trip he was oh so looking forward to going on with his dear friends. But Kiyomaro wasn’t quite sure if he could ever forgive him the mortal sin of being a customer in his presence.

Then it hit him.

He had long since outgrown cartoons, but Gash watched cartoons. And when Gash watched cartoons, he watched them in his room, regardless of how many times he told him that he was busy and he should go bugger off and use the other TV downstairs that was oh-so conveniently available. Under these circumstances, Kiyomaro had no choice but to reluctantly resign to his fate and listen to the cacophony of overexaggerated voices screaming and laughing in the background, as much as he tried to zone them out.

In this way, outside of Kamakiri Joe,he learned that there was this one show that Gash was rather fond of. It was a foreign cartoon—SpongeBob RectangularPants, or whatever. Something like that. At moments like this, there was one episode that came to the forefront of his mind. “Have you finished those errands?” rang once. “Have you finished those errands?”rang again.

“Haveyoufinishedthoseerrandshaveyoufinishedthoseerrandshaveyou finishedthoseerrandserrandserrandserrands?” rang over and over again, the jovial sponge’s voice persuasive and persistent, much to the psychological torture of his six-legged friend, no matter how much he screamed or how fast and far his tentacles could carry him.

He never imagined he would relate so much to an imaginary and overworked cephalopod.

Enough was enough.

He took one singular breath. It was the calm before the storm.

There was no exhale.

“CAN YOU EITHER MAKE UP YOUR MIND OR GET OUT!?!?!”

And just like that, it all came crumbling down. Quite literally. His voice must have shaken the heavens or maybe hell because the strength of his screams echoed around the room over and over until the wall started to crack. Once it was put into motion, they could only watch. The crack continued to tear through the wall with no resistance. Gash Café was reduced to nothing more than a pile of rubble and splinters and dreams, collapsing around them with the only remnants miraculously being the exact table where the three (or four) of them were.

“Ki-Kiyomaro,” Gash muttered in the smallest voice imaginable.

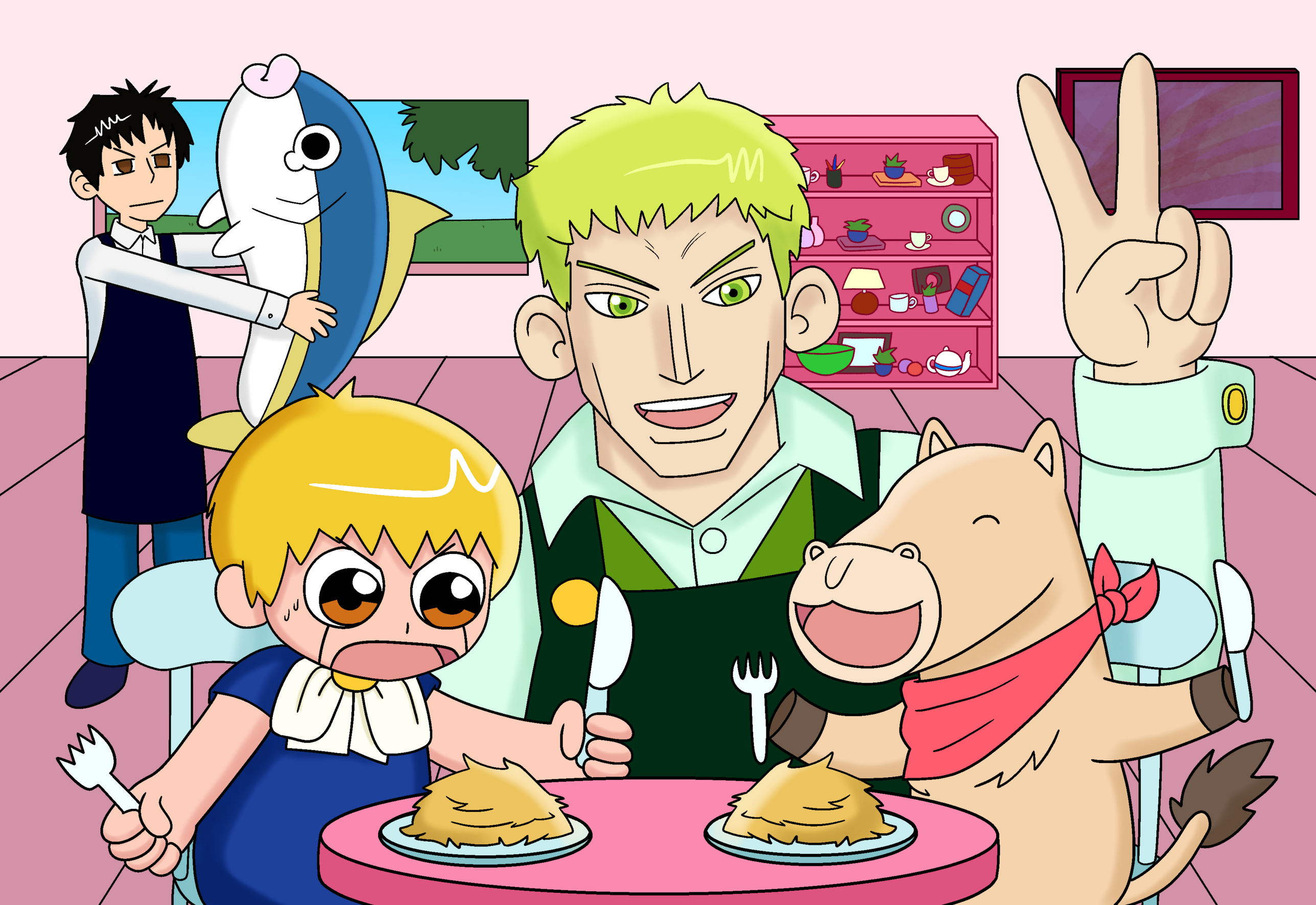
Dr. M2 only grinned at Kiyomaro in a self-satisfied way that suggested that he wasn’t going to be the one to clean up this mess.

Kiyomaro had a feeling he wasn’t getting that promotion he wanted.

Flame★Ettard

GRAND OPENING!
HELP WANTE

BATS TONIGHT



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Mischief Makers

Shortly after Zatch's coronation as the new King as the Demon world, Tadashi and Phoebe meet at the Zatch Café at Baransha's request. Tadashi orders a Ruben sandwich, a glass of cool whole milk, and a hot fudge brownie, while Phoebe orders a slice of cheesecake, macarons, and a hot cocoa. After they receive their orders from their bookkeepers, Tobias and Lily, they thanked them and took a seat at one of the closer tables.

"So Phoebe," started Tadashi. "What did you want to talk about?"

"I heard you're really good at pranks and jokes, and I wanna learn from you," replies Phoebe chipperly.

Tadashi smiled. "I was wondering when you were going to approach me about that. I've heard others saying you enjoy being mischievous, and I have some great tricks and advice to pass on to future generations."

Phoebe beamed. "Thanks, Tadi! Baransha says she always enjoys hearing about jokes and pranks from her grandpa, and I wanted to make sure I learned from the best."

"Did she now?" replied Tadashi taking a bite out of his sandwich, smiling at what Baransha said. "It's nice to hear she appreciated what I do so much. Was there anything specific you wanted to learn about what I do?"

Phoebe thought for a moment, eating one of her macarons. "Well, what kinda pranks do you like pulling? People say the ones you did when you were younger were really good."

"Well," started Tadashi, "the ones from when I was younger weren't the best pranks. I still had a lot to learn back then about how to make them good for everyone."

"What do you mean?" asked Phoebe, confused.

"The pranks I pulled before I met Tobias lacked focus."

Phoebe's eyes widen in excitement. "I wanna learn those ones."

Tadashi sighed. "Phoebe, my earliest pranks weren't ones that I should've done. They weren't made with the best intentions. I'd recommend avoiding those ones."

"But Tadi," whined Phoebe, "chaos!"

This is going to be a long day, isn't it? Tadashi thought to himself.

Seeing Tadashi not respond yet, Phoebe piped in again. "Why don't you want me to learn those pranks?"

Giving thought to how he wanted to answer, Tadashi drank some of his milk before starting. "Well, you want people to be around you to prank, right?"

"Yeah."

"Well, if you do so mean-spiritedly, people won't want to be around you," Tadashi said sagely. "If you want them to stay around, then you have to make sure nobody is harmed."

Phoebe crossed her arms and sat back in her chair, trying to look mean and intimidating toward Tadashi. It had the opposite effect, making her look like an adorable fairy plush.

Tadashi couldn't help but smile.

"What's so funny?" pouted Phoebe.

Tadashi, still smiling, said, "It's just you remind me of how I used to be at your age. I wanted to prank and joke with others so badly, I didn't see how it was affecting others."

"What do you mean?" asked Phoebe questioningly.

"If you constantly pull pranks on others they don't like, they won't want to be around you anymore, meaning you'll have less people around you to prank," replied Tadashi.

"And how will that help?" asked Phoebe skeptically.

“If you want others to stay around you, you’ll need to learn what jokes they like and how to plan them to have them laugh too.”

Phoebe took a moment to think about that.

“Well,” she said hesitantly, “I guess you might have a point. I want more people to prank and to cause more chaos on purpose, so I guess I could at least try it your way.”

Tadashi smiled at that. “The more you practice at pranks that don’t harm others and make sure they’re ok with it, you may someday find others will even help you in the fun.”

Phoebe smiled at that. “Maybe one day, I can be as good a pranker as you.”

“Maybe someday,” replied Tadashi encouragingly.

They both finished their meals and left the Zatch Cafe, Tadashi teaching Phoebe everything he knows about how to pull off pranks.

Read Left to Right

Welcome to Gash Cafe

Gash Cafe is a social gathering place where mamodos can interact with each other and enjoy their meals.

CHEESE!

AH!

Today's Guests are

Cherish

Rein and

Ted??

What the hell are you doing?

Don't worry about it!

Oh? You sure it isn't about Cherish talking to that blue guy?

SHUT-UP

Look I ain't jealous or nothing like that!

I don't mind the attention the kids shower him in!!

Or that Cherish has been going to him for problems when I'm HERE!!

and you aren't jealous?

I AM NOT JEALOUS OF REIN

You can't fool me. But I have a solution to your problem.

You do?

You're going to march over there and challenge him

ゴゴゴ

and put him in his place!!

AH!

WHOA! I AIN'T DOING THAT!

Cherish would put me in my Place!!

You realize not every-thing has to be violent

Nicole?

I have a better idea

REIN

Hm?

Remember don't baby the kids too much!

I'll try.

I CHALLENGE YOU TO A PUDDING SHOW DOWN

PUDDING

Does it have to be pudding?!

YES!

Then no-

Okay Fine!

Let's do this.

Me to Right?

Um...Sure why not.

WHY IS THIS THE SIZE OF A TABLE

It's a Challenge

Here I Go

CHANGE BACK NOW

Let's start soon before the ice cream melts

THAT'S YOUR CONCERN!!

Well

Are you all ready?

GO!!

I'M GONNA WIN THIS!!

DON'T THROW UP!

I have.. to win to.. Show him I'm better

OH FUCK

I can't even finish this...

Why did you pick a challenge that tests my lactose intolerance

YOU'RE LACTOSE INTOLERANT

Ted, I know you think I'm taking your place and for that I'm sorry

I was so happy when you two took me in.

But I've done the opposite and I'm truly sorry to make you feel that way.

If you really want I don't mind leaving-

NO!

In my home, everyone was terrified and ready to harm me if needed.

But here, everyone is welcoming and so happy to see me.

REIN!

It's not your fault I was jealous of everyone relying on you

I was selfish I'm sorry

And I didn't know you were lactose intolerant I'm sorry!

I just wanted to show my appreciation by doing the labor,

taking care of the children,

and the chores to ease your's and cherish's burdens.

How about we forget this whole challenge

And we start over as friends.

I'd like that.

Finally you two started getting along!

YOU ATE IT ALL!?

Every bite!

H-How did you finish all that?

I am a growing girl Ted

GROWING GIRL YOU'RE ALREADY TALLER THAN ME

And let's keep it that way~

Until Next Time

Nom Nom Nom

NOM NOM NOM NOM NOM~ NOM~

Mimi

mmm?

Isn't that a bit too much cheese you're eating?

So much cheese is bad for you!

GULP

Heh Heh Isn't that a bit too much attitude you're giving?

M-Mimi!!

HA HA

Heh Heh

TEE HEE Don't mess with my cheese Roy Boy!

Artists

Dev

@devdeyl
@devdeyl
@devdeyl

I'd like to use my space here to acknowledge all of those who had supported this zine. To everyone who had expressed interest in joining and everyone that's just been enjoying following the zine's production, thank you. This is the first zine I've ever put together and so I was extremely nervous at first wondering if I'd be able to properly organize and pull off something like this but I knew this was something I wanted to try as Zatch Bell is a series that's very close to my heart. It's so easy to feel like the fandom for this series is small or that you're the only one out there that even knows about this series, and so I hope this zine serves as a little reminder that you're definitely not alone in loving this series as this zine would not even exist without contributions of SO many passionate and talented fans. Thank you for all your kindness and support towards this zine...and who knows, maybe there might be another one someday! Until then, stan Kafka Sunbeam ♥

Bunniem

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Erin

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Morty

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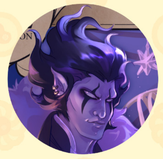
@batstonight@nitecrew.rip
batstonight.neocities.org

I'm glad I could join this amazing project alongside amazing artists and writers! Gash Bell was one of my favorite series to watch as a kid, and reading the manga as an adult was a really joyful experience, turning into one of my favorite comic series! I love the comedy, the action and the emotional series... Everything feels so heartfelt. I love Kiyomaro, Gash, Sherry, Brago, Kanchomé and Parco Folgore the most, but all the characters are great!



Reisu

@reisuart

Zatch Bell holds a very special place in my heart. It was one of my first animes, and actually the first manga books I purchased when I was younger. I actually feel that it has been something that has always walked beside me, with their iconic characters that have always inspired me.

I think that the most important fact involving these series and myself is of course, my name. The fact that Reisu was at first my artist nickname. Of course, I chose it because my fave characters are Brago and Sherry, because I loved their strength and resolution and wanted to embrace that within myself. And here we are, different pronouns, and a different irl name that actually I didn't fully chose, cause my friends and dear ones were the first ones that felt like that was the name that suited me better than my deadname. Despite everything I think that somehow their strength has always inspired me and I'm really proud of that.

I was really happy and excited when I found out about this zine. The idea of sharing the passion and love I feel about the Zatch Bell series with a group of such talented artists and writers is more than amazing. And it's so exciting to see our different approach to the same theme. It has been a pleasure to work and to share ideas and feelings regarding these series with them.

Rue

@rue.rock
@ruerock

thank you for letting me join the zine! it was the first one i joined and it's been so fun to draw and share my work as well as see the amazing creations others came up with!

@CrimboComboArt

Cece

After returning to this series that made up a decent part of my childhood, I had fallen in love with the manga and many of it's wonderful characters. I was hesitant applying for this zine; I hadn't done much Zatch Bell art and I had just recently transitioned to digital art after years of pen and colored pencils. That said, working up the nerve to put myself out there for this project was a decision I did not regret making and got to meet many incredible artists and writers with talent I can't help but love.
I hope in any way my style of visual comedy shined through in my piece and helped show off many techniques I learned while making my submission. Thank you to everyone reading and those who helped manage the Cafe Memories zine; all of you are the best.

@scomister

Scomister

It's finally here! This is my first time contributing to a community fan project, and it's been super fun to add to this love letter for the series. Out of the team, I may be the "newest" to the Zatch Bell, but I felt such an intense draw and impact from the story that I had to make something in its honor. It's such a refreshing series in the way that there isn't anything I could really compare to it, a perfect blend of goofball comedy, intense drama, and pure creativity. I'm glad that others feel the same way I do and helped to make awesome art and stories for this project. Spread the love of Zatch Bell!!

@firbetmakes
@firbetmakes

Firbet

@xAlondite_
FlameEttard
flame-ettard

Bael

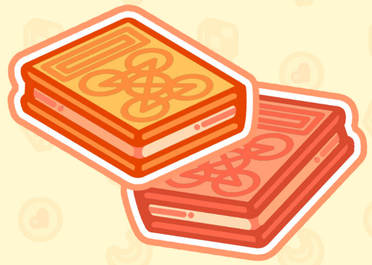
@lemonkanfu
@lemonkanfu

Gaal

Gash Bell! is a very dear series to me, I loved it so much as a child and even now it left me with many beautiful emotions, it never fails to make me cry! Being a part of this zine was both a pleasure and a challange, but I'm happy with the outcome!

@lotuszelda
@lotuslink7
@lotuslink7

Crys



Everyone is so talented working on the zine, and it was really fun doing a collab! It's my first zine that I've ever participated in, so I hope everyone is enjoying themselves looking as well.

@seealantweet
@seealandraw
@seealandraw

Alan Capes

Gash Bell is one of my favorite series ever. It's in my top five manga, and I imagine it'll stay there the rest of my life. Its art inspires me to draw, to try and measure to the emotion in portrays so earnestly, the friendships, the passion, the triumphs-- it's all there. The characters are delightful, and the story moves me to tears at times, it's so special to me and it's so special I could contribute to this zine! I wanted to give some love to a series I don't usually draw for. Thanks to the zine crew and thanks to Raiku for the amazing series!

@mugencoloris
@mugencoloris

mugencoloris

Very happy on working in this Zatch Bell zine since the series has a small fanbase! Thanks again for having me over!

@ri926r3
@ri926r3
@ri926r3

Chaqui

Thanks so much to the moderators for organizing such a lovely fan-zine ! I hope zatch bell lives out to be one of the best manga of all time.

@joshp-s-stuff

Joshp

I'm really happy that I got to join this zine! Zatch Bell as a series was something that I kept in the back of my mind, something I remembered enjoying as a kid but never saw how it ended, if I recall correctly the latin american dub just stops right at the beginning of the ancient mamodo arc, it wasn't until the pandemic that I finally went back to this series and decided to read the entire thing for the first time and I think there's no better feeling than going back to something from your childhood and seeing that it not only still holds up but is even better than you remembered! Now Zatch Bell is my favorite manga of all time!

@Vibnib
@Vibanib

Vibanib

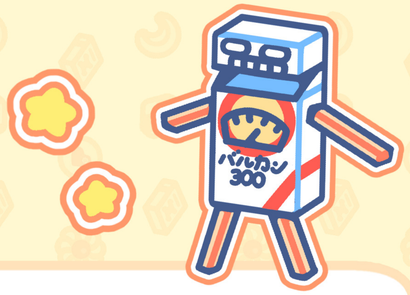
As a fan of Zatch Bell, I was really excited to see this zine pop up. I struggled a lot with trying to figure out what I wanted to draw, but I still wanted to create something as this is my first time joining a zine. Everyone whose work I caught a glimpse of looked so cute and it was exciting for me to be in a group of people who all loved the same show. Everyone was nice and I wish I talked you all more!! Thank you for allowing me to work with all of you!

As for my favorite characters, I love Zatch, Ponygon, and Mr. Riddles. I also love Suzy's chaotic energy and her orange peels with faces on them!

And as for a favorite scene, I'll never forget when Kiyo named Ponygon. He definitely deserved the hand bite!

@bestfriends1406

Marti



This series brings to us so many positive emotions, as well as bittersweet… a lot of us are here because of the nostalgia that never left, and others have just discovered what an incredibly fun and emotional ride this franchise is. I love this series to bits, more than any other, and I will always be eternally grateful and overjoyed that I've had the opportunity to celebrate our love with so many passionate and talented friends and fans alike.

Zatch Bell has given me the opportunity to participate in my first ever zine as an artist, alongside many beloved friends, and the experience couldn't have been more welcoming and kind, as well as thematically fitting. I will always be happy I got to experience this moment with everyone!

@ClownofG
@clownofgods

ClownofGod

I loved the Zatch Cafe bonus comics in the volume re-releases in Japan, but thought it was a shame Reycom was never featured despite being the first other demon who wasn't Zatch in the manga. I chose Fango because I always liked his design and wished he was featured a bit more in the series, as well as the fact that he's fire while Reycom was ice.

Zatch Bell was something I found on Cartoon Network when I was about 6 years old, and to this day, this series has had its spell on me. One of my favorite moments watching the series as a kid was when Penny (Patty in the original Japanese) was first introduced. Her ridicules obsession with Zatch was hilarious to me and felt like a turning point to the series for me, because, through her, Zofis and the thousand-year-old Demon's were introduced, making them the biggest threat the series had shown.

Tia is my favorite character because I loved the theme of her spells being supportive, such as shields and healing, and I thought Megumi was such a sweet character. Seeing them again in the sequel has been my favorite part of Zatch Bell! 2 so far!

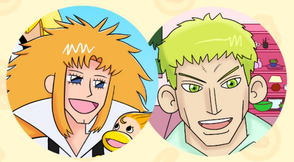
I can't really say what makes me love Zatch Bell so much because there are just so many things. The art, the characters, the interesting concept of demon children being forced to pair with humans to fight for the throne, and so much more makes this a fantastic manga and anime series. I can only hope one day that we can have a remake of the anime so that more people can experience the fun of this quirky cast and world!

I feel unbelievably happy that I can be a part of this zine with other Zatch Bell fans from around the world!

@rcbirdy

rcbirdy

Shoe



@RiverCartoons

Scout

This is such a wonderful community. I remember growing up and watching the Zatch Bell anime. I always pick up the Zatch Bell manga any time I want to enjoy a healthy cry. I'm so happy to be part of a group of like minded individuals who share my same obsession.

@Thottiebear
@thottiehero

Thottie

Wish to thank everyone for reading my work and for all other ZB artists and writers who worked on this Zine.

I love that Rein started living with Ted and Cherish at the end of the series. Ted so easily jealous and fear of being replaced vs Rein just trying to help out. Things are bound to get messy. What better way to explore that than a Cafe visit!!
(Also just sprinkling my own ZB ocs in the background :3)

I love this series and made so many friendships through it. I will continue making art for it always. I do traditional art but it won't stop me!

Thank you once again. Hope you enjoy other stories and works made by other passionate fans!!

@softperchart
@softperchart
@softperchart

Perch

I used to watch Zatch Bell as a kid, and it’s stuck as a main interest in adulthood. It’s so fun and unapologetically goofy! I’m glad this zine was able to bring people together who are just as passionate about the series. Especially since the fandom is so few and far between.

@Gabriel_Brim
@gabrielbrim

Brim

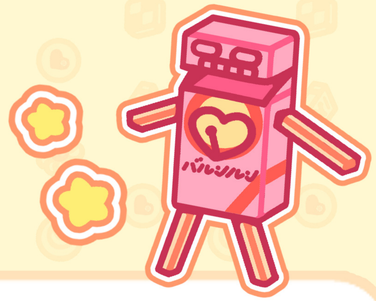
I've watched this series for a long time but never had someone who watched the series to talk about with, so joining the server and being a part of the zine meant a lot, i always wanted to draw something big for this series so making something with others from the fandom was awesome!!! The organization for the zine was really nice and understanding when i took my time finishing my part of it, im really happy im being a part of this with them!! I did Danny and Ted interacting because i always loved them but always wondered what would happen if they meet because of their personalities!!

Ted's a beloved but i cant choose ONE favorite character.. i really like Kanchomes because of his arc, i really like momon's arc too but his character its kinda weird sometimes so... (he had so much pontential) Barry's a great character, also love his arc! Talking about him Barry vs Gash is one of my favorite fights, the meaning of the fight hits so hard to me.

I think one of my favorite things about the series is how fun the battles are because there's a lot of ways to win a battle. I also love how they portrait kids the way they're all so energetic and curious, it makes me fell sad for them needing to batlle and it makes the battles have so much more weight to me.

@Clauditha1999

Klaudi



I was very excited to join the group. It's great to be able to share my passion for "Konjiki no Zatch Bell" with other fans who also appreciate the series. It seems like an excellent opportunity to learn and improve my drawings. Although I had some setbacks because it took me a while to finish the fanart, but I managed to finish it on time.

I've been following "Konjiki no Zatch Bell" for quite some time now. I am very fond of the series, from the first episode I liked its mix of action, comedy and emotional moments.

What I like most about the series is the concept of the mamodos and their spell books seems very original to me, and the way the characters must trust their companions to win battles seems like a great message about teamwork to me.

Without a doubt my favorite character is definitely Zatch Bell. His positive attitude and desire to protect his friends make him very endearing. I also really like Kiyo Takamine, his intelligence and the development of his relationship with Zatch throughout the series is very interesting.

I remember seeing one of the key moments of the series, the battle against Brago, and feeling great emotion. It was a turning point in the story, and the way all the characters joined forces left a lasting impression on me.

Well, I hope you like the fanarts that we have made with great love and thank you again for being able to participate in this beautiful community. ♥

Writers

"A Maiden's Remorse"
Pinna

I genuinely cannot picture my life without Zatch Bell! I have been captivated by this series ever since its debut on Toonami in 2005. I find it fascinating all of the different ways the series can explore and portray various relationship dynamics between the demons and their human partners. The somewhat cliched strong bonds of friendship are portrayed with so much heart and earnestness that it never feels like a cheap copout when it prevails.

I had been relatively content keeping to myself with regards to my love for this series, but getting to eventually discover and meet a small fandom online has been an absolute dream come true. It's thanks to being a fan of this series that I've met some incredible people, many of whom I'm lucky to call my friends.

Dev has done an incredible job creating and managing this zine every step of the way. It is so cool that so many passionate fans are involved in such a special project like this, and I'm greatly honored to have been able to be a part of it.

These last few years have been very exciting times for the series, and it's an incredible joy and gift to get to experience that together with everyone.

"Dirt, Debris, and Cheese"
Leaf

@crestofmiracles
crestofmiracles.carrd.co
ProtectingHeart

I do not have the words to concisely express what Zatch Bell means to me but rest assured that Takamine Kiyomaro has lived in my head rent-free every day for the past twelve years straight since I got back into the series. The T in Takamine must stand for tenacity or something, because there isn't a single other character out there that can quite compare to the levels of "I don't ever give up!!"-isms that he does.

"How Far They've Come"
"Ideas for the Future"
"Mischief Makers"
Zach

@vibronicpoppy82
@vibronicpoppy82

I initially remember seeing an episode or two of Zatch Bell on tv when I was younger, and due to it being one of the later episodes of season 1/early season 2, I didn't have any idea what was happening. It wasn't until middle school I remembered the series and tried to search for the series online.

When I had the ability to go through the episodes in order, I fell in love with the series. Due to how primitive the internet felt at the time, I wasn't able to talk to anyone about the series due to no one around me taking an interest in it. Not having anyone around me didn't deter my love of the series, but it did feel lonely at times.

It wasn't until years after high school I discovered Discord. While my initial thought wasn't about how it could be used to talk with other Zatch Bell fans, the seeds of interest were planted the more I heard about how servers worked. It wasn't until June 2017 I decided to take a chance and be part of a server dedicated to what, at that point, has become my favorite manga.

While on Discord, I was able to meet so many incredible people who were just as passionate about the series as me and were just as happy to be part of a community to talk about such an amazing and niche series in English. We would talk about our favorite characters, headcanons, and even OCs we created to help celebrate our love of the series. All of us were finally able to have a place to share what we loved, and I couldn't have been happier.

A few year after we came together, the idea of a zine was proposed. Enjoying the process of writing, I decided to try applying as a writer to see if I could be part of something other fans would enjoy. I was ecstatic when I saw I was able to join and contribute some of my work to it, so I immediately started writing a story I've had in the back of my mind between Zatch and Kanchomé.

Being able to interact with so many creators for the zine is incredible with being able to see how passionate everyone is about the series, being able to talk about the series with other Zatch Bell fans I hasn't met before, as well as being able to see just how many other skilled people there are also taking part of this.

Being able to play a part in both the zine and Zatch Bell community as a whole are a dream come true, and I wouldn't trade it for anything.

"One Order of Communication To Go!"

Snark

@Shalnarkonice
@Shalnarkonice
@Shally

Once I saw Sunbeam, I knew I was hooked! Zatch Bell has given me so many precious memories, and I'm so happy to see this zine exist! Plus, I haven't laughed so hard [or teared up] at another series like this before.

"Sweet"

Bayernyall

@bayernyall
@yellingschmetterling

Zatch Bell was the first anime that I really latched onto as an obsession. I've followed the series for most of my life, and I really can't imagine a day without thinking about it. I'm so excited and honored to be participating in this zine project, and I hope everyone enjoys what we've all put together!

See You Next Time!